

# Religious Villany;

## An ELEGY on the Execrable Murder of King CHARLES, I.

**T**Hough to contemn all Laws Religion be;  
And though to be a Christian's Heresie;  
Though it be a Crime for any to be good,  
And he's no Saint that's not Baptiz'd in blood.

Though to be no Traitor Treason be,  
And to be Loyal be Disloyaltie,  
Though it be Justice Innocents to kill,  
And Meritorious Royal Blood to Spill,  
For which 'tis Death to greive; yet who but he,  
'Twixt whom and Vertue's an Antipathy,  
Such an unparalell'd Butchery that hears,  
Does not resolve into a flood of tears,  
Which even unto Tyrants Urns are due, but when,  
The best of Princes and the best of Men,  
Thus slaughter'd is, it claims from Loyal Eyes,  
Full Seas to waft him into Paradise,  
In Spite of Fate then pay this Tribute due,  
To him was yours and Vertues Sovereign too,  
Nor let your Tears know bounds in such a fall,  
The Greif and Loss are Epidemical,

*Londoners.* You whose malicious Charitie at first,  
These Vipers hatcht these towring Serpents nurst,  
Let your much want of him instruct you in  
The greatness of his Loss and of your Sin,  
And let those *Scorpions* teach you the vast odds,  
Betwixt the Rule of Men and Reign of Gods;  
Unheard may you their Clemencie invoke,  
Uneas'd, unpity'd bear your purchast yoke,  
As is your Reformation be your Peace,  
Since thus the Land's restord thus troubles cease,  
Deluded fools that with so vast expence,  
Have bought your Ruin, sold your Innocence,  
Contracting to your selves a guilt so high,  
Will damn your yet unborn Posteritie,  
These are your tender Conscience Men who dare  
To act, what others do with horror hear,  
No more let baffled Historys now tell,  
How *Cæsar* in the treacherous Senate fell,  
No more let *France* of *Henry's* Fate complain,  
This deeper dy makes pale that crimson staine,  
These, thy lost honour, *Caroline*, redeem,  
Whose foul designs now fair and pious seem,  
Thy modest wishes durst not aime so high,  
As such transcendent Acts of Villanie,  
The basful plotters of this black design,  
To Ruin *England* with own Fatal Myne,  
So much the horror of their guilt did fright,  
They durst not Act without the Cloak of night,  
But these tryumphing Saints do glory in,  
As much the shew, as acting of their Sin,  
Nor shame to exhibite to the blushing Sun,  
A Sight ne'er seen since first his Race begun,  
The Murder of a Prince whose grand offence,  
Was Vertue and a settled Conscience,  
Nor doth his Death Suffice, our just Laws must:  
Pimp for these Caniballs in humain Lust,  
And Justice the Protectress of the Earth,  
Must be the Midwife to this Monstrous Birth,  
Thus while they seemingly would blot his Fame,  
They scandalize that most Religious Dame,  
A Court unheard of therefore thy Create,  
To make compleat their Antipodian State,

Where Wolves (as grand delinquents) Lambs pre-  
And Traytors do arraign the Innocent, (sent,  
Where *Pluto's* Mercenaries do wrest the Laws,  
To make them serve a most prodigious cause,  
And belch from their blasphemous mouths, pretence  
Of crimes against his sacred Innocence,  
Replies to it would spoyl the new Courts credit,  
All must be granted true because they say'd it,  
Wherefore they do provide he should not use  
Defence, 't would criminate those that did accuse,  
But to determin'd Sentence they proceed,  
The frontless Pageant told him he must bleed,  
Necessitie requir'd that he should dye  
A victim to that upstart Deitie,  
Which blood carousing Idoll could not rest  
Content with any offering but the best,  
Though baited with such obloquies as laid  
Their hated Crimes upon his guiltless head,  
Though bold sacr'd Treason had usurpt his Throne,  
And rob'd him off all Crowns save that alone,  
Of Martyrdom; though pride were grown so high,  
Hee's still a King, preserves one Sovereignty,  
No Rebel passion durst arise to bring  
Stains on his undeserving suffering,  
VVith meekness great as Innocence he dyes,  
A Royal and immaculate Sacrifice,  
No fear nor sorrow he, but 'twas for them,  
Deceitful, proud, Ambitious, bloody Men,  
Nor could the last Act of this Tragedy  
Shake his inviolable Constancie,  
Nor his unconquerable Patience quell,  
Whose Charitie such injuries did excel,  
But what their guilt not suffred them to crave,  
His pardon he unsue'd too freely gave,  
Thus he orecame their malice and exprest  
Himself victorious although oppress'd,  
Yet does their Hell-bred fancy find no end,  
But would unto his memory extend,  
But Rebels do your worst, what you deny,  
His Fate contemning Vertues shall supply,  
And what already is become your shame,  
His glorious Death shall balme his wounded Name,  
VVhose greatful memory shall as lasting be  
As time, or as your loathsome Infamy,  
Whose growing names equal to his shall rise,  
That turn'd the Temple to a Sacrifice,  
Nor shall those Pyramids fall being built with good  
Mens bones, and clemented with guiltless blood,  
His Lustre nere shall fade but shine in spite,  
Of your contrived mists and Hellish night,  
Such Graces as were his are too divine  
For Lyes to spot or dark Cells to confine,  
The glorious Lamps a while depriv'd of light,  
Breaks forth again and doth appear more bright,  
Afflicted Vertue so doth higher swell,  
And spyces bruis'd yeld a more fragrant smell,  
You worthily enslav'd, see here your lot, (*Londoners*)  
And bless you with the freedom you have got,  
But howe're, that change can bus small satisfaction bring,  
That's founded on the Ruin of a King,  
Whose worth to tell, in vain let any try,  
No Pen but his could wrire his Elegie.